

# HOW JOE LYNCH WON WORLD'S BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

## LYNCH TAKES BANTAMWEIGHT TITLE FROM HERMAN IN FIFTEEN-ROUND BATTLE HERE

New York Boy Wins Title Before Biggest Crowd Since Boxing Law Went into Effect—Story of Gripping Battle Is Told From First Bell to Fifteenth.

By Vincent Treanor.

Old Paddy Lynch's heart is glad to-day. His boy Joe, now quite a man at twenty-two, is the champion bantamweight of the world, and incidentally the first New York ever to win the title from Pete Herman last night at Madison Square Garden after fifteen rounds of what might be called nip and tuck boxing. When the official announcer, Joe Humphries, told the crowd that the judges, Senator Marty McCue and Billy Muldoon, had agreed on Lynch as the winner, there was an uproar that the old Garden probably never heard before.

There was nothing particularly spectacular about the contest, not a single knockdown, but a surging attack and defense on the part of both little men that kept your eyes glued on their every movement. You felt that something out of the ordinary might happen at any moment, and you let the ashes of your cigar or cigarette drop down on your waistcoat rather than miss it. So it went from round to round, with the Lynch supporters (all New York it seemed) getting many chances to shout their heads off, and the Herman adherents cheering, too, every time Pete had the upper hand.

But at the end the tumult was indescribable. Lynch leaped from his chair with his hands clasped in hand-shaking fashion above his head, he crossed the ring as if returning the congratulations of all his followers as he galloped around the gallery. He then rushed over to Herman, who stood with his back to him, with bareback and towel over his shoulders ready to start back to his dressing room. He plainly was displeased with the verdict. Anybody would who was losing a championship, but he lost it as he won it three years ago on a referee's verdict from Kid Williams.

To-day Herman sails for England to fight what was the world's championship previous to last night's defeat. How England will feel about seeing America's beaten bantam champion against its best, Jimmy Wilde, is a matter for only England to decide. Over here nobody cares just now.

Lynch has had several cracks at Herman, but only last night was his persistence rewarded. No one could blame the slight and frail boy for jumping out of his jeans literally, for at the end of the fighting his pants were ripped almost up the middle.

It was rumored around after the bout that Lynch had broken the hums on his left hand in the third round, but a visit to the dressing room showed a doctor bending the blood-stained thumb back and forth. Newman's broken, the physician said, and not even dislocated, but a slight hemorrhage under the nail made it very painful. He will lose the nail and that's all.

Lynch, visibly satisfied that his good southpaw wasn't seriously hurt, there looking at it, when a thought came to his mind suddenly. Picking up his trousers in a hurry and getting his head inside his shirt, he said:

"I must see Pete," and followed by a small sized army he started toward Herman's dressing room to console his foe. After that Joe finished his dressing and said:

"I'm going home to see the old man."

"Wasn't he at the fight?" he was asked. "Yes, but he'll want to ask me a lot of questions and feel me all over to see if I'm hurt."

Not long ago Joe sat with his dad, swinging his legs under the tail board of the then up-to-date moving van, with the old horse standing behind the shafts, feeding at regular intervals and always ready for a job. People didn't move on the first of the month in those days. They carried their furniture any old day to new homes.

Old Paddy Lynch thus waited for trade, with his boy Joe by his side, as the characters in "Paddy Kelly's Cart," made famous by Ned Harrigan. Joe, always slight of build, but with unquestioned game-ness, soon showed a handiness with his little fists. Last night he reached his goal. He has a diamond-encrusted belt emblematic of the championship. Yes, last night was a big event for the west side.

As they stripped for action Lynch looked the lean greyhound. His ransomed-up face and his wrinkled brow gave him the appearance of a character who had just got out of a sick bed. Herman, normally healthy, looked the well-trained athlete that any champion should be.

to his introduction with an encircling bow. And then the rafters of the building seemed to go skyward. Lynch was introduced. Joe got up, clasped his hands and gave the crowd an all-round shake. The announcement of the weights: "Both boys 115 pounds!" surprised the entire assemblage. They were to have made 118.

Draw up your chair now and we'll tell you about the fight.

FIRST BELL—They fooled around, Lynch barely grazing Pete's nose with the first punch, and Pete sweeping his right across Joe's stomach. Then they boxed unusually long at long range, feinting each other out, until Herman put a right on Joe's ribs. Joe then crouched low and got his head in curving fashion under Pete's arms, bobbing up mysteriously to clip Pete hard at short range on the chin. Joe worked this same trick and got away with it again, but afterward Pete worked his arms like short piston rods into Joe's body, landing as many as twelve of these punches at one session. Herman apparently hadn't broken down during these short arm jolting exercises, and Patsy Haley read the boxer's law to him. No serious damage was done. The round was a toss-up.

### Joe Lands on Herman's Jaw.

SECOND BELL—Lynch came up, winding his arms very busily, but that's all. They got to close quarters and Pete put a clean right on his ribs and carried it up to his jaw twice in succession. Pete plainly in an in-fighter. The crowd roared as Joe aimed two rights at Herman's jaw, but both punches were blocked by Pete's gloves. Herman has a sort of a Leach Cross defense for these punches. Right after that he hooked Joe a pretty one on the nose with his left and then pounded him on the ribs four straight times before Joe knew what was happening. Again at long range Pete hooked a left to Joe's stomach. Joe hadn't done much in this round beside feinting and trying to tie Herman's arms up in clinches. Herman was then barely enough to try with his right and pasted it cleanly to Joe's chin. At close quarters, which followed, Herman worked both arms to Joe's stomach faster than the eye could follow. It was Herman's round.

THIRD BELL—Herman, apparently more confident, was all out boxing Joe at long range. He hooked three lefts in succession to Joe's chin without a return and followed with a fourth that opened Joe's mouth. They got to close quarters and again Herman peppered Joe with a series of body blows that weren't doing him any good. The first chance the crowd had to see what was going on was when Joe landed a straight right on Herman's chin. He slowed Pete up momentarily, but Pete soon got back to his in-fighter stuff and literally tore Joe's stomach out. Once Joe tried to hold Pete around the neck with his left and drive his right into the body and face, but Patsy Haley read the law on that work. Near the end of the round Joe aimed one right at Herman's chin and it landed. The Lynch crowd howled. Joe tried it again, but Patsy Haley read the law and tucked his glove over this spot. The round ended in favor of Herman.

FOURTH BELL—After trying two lefts for Lynch's chin, Herman got to close quarters and began his favorite exercise of pounding Joe's body with quick snappy punches. One of these mix-ups, all in favor of Herman, seemed to last a half a minute. Joe hadn't got his number yet and at this stage it didn't look as if he ever would. Joe stabbed a good straight left to Pete's nose and kept away clean. He then made Pete miss with a left hook and got his right over to Herman's jaw, repeating with the same hand to the ribs. The result again was with his right, but invariably Herman had a blocking system for them. This was the nearest Lynch came to winning a round, but still it must be given to Herman.

FIFTH BELL—Joe started off as the aggressor in this round and put two rights to Herman's ribs and then landed a left hook on Pete's ear. It appeared as if Pete was plainly laying up a heat. Three times after this Joe made Pete miss and then tugged Pete's head with his left and clinched Herman partly blocked. Lynch for the first time landed a clean right to Herman's jaw and backed away without return. Herman was now jumping in with left leads which were falling short of their mark. Put this round to Lynch's credit.

SIXTH BELL—Herman wasn't quite so aggressive at the beginning of this round. He began by tapping at Joe's body with a combination jab and uppercut. Joe evidently was depending on his right. He shot it over once, but it landed on Pete's shoulder. Pete tried with his right for a change, but it went under Joe's arm. To the crowd in the gallery it looked as if Lynch was scoring very forcefully with right and left to the chin, but each time his punch landed on Herman's doubled-up glove. Referee Haley was making a right up to the ring to make the rules and wouldn't stand for the slightest bit of holding. They finished the round in the center of the ring with lowered arms and a series of snappy feints. About even this round.

SEVENTH BELL—Pete kept Joe stepping back at the beginning of this round, and Joe was satisfied to feint every now and then, releasing out with a light left. He let go a half-hearted right, but Herman's glove kept most of it. Joe felt out with his left and this caused Herman to get at close quarters and bang away with both hands. Joe stole some of Herman's stuff the next second by driving a long Willie Lewis right to Pete's stomach. It seemed to carry more force than all of Herman's chin chugs. Four times after this Herman jumped off his feet to reach Joe's jaw with a left hook. Herman ju-

sticed stronger in this round and did the better work. TWELFTH BELL—They boxed around and exchanged light pinches to the face and body until Joe put all he had in a right hook, but unfortunately it went around Herman's neck. Joe began to take the aggressive at this point and, although he fed Pete with a series of lefts to the face, he was unfortunate in missing by a hair line another right to the chin. At this stage we were informed that Lynch had broken the thumb of his left hand during the third round. It didn't seem to affect his left hand, however, but at the end of this round, as he was clouting Herman around the head with not only the left, but the business-like right. THIRTEENTH BELL—They added and feinted at long range at the beginning and on more than one occasion wound up in each other's embrace before a left hook. Pete landed a right twice in succession to the point of the chin and they were well meant. He then crossed the same fist over to Herman's ribs. Feeling around the stomach with his left, Joe crashed a right to the chin by an inch, but Pete hooked him on the jaw as he backed off. Just before the bell Joe landed a clean right to the jaw, which gave him the round.

FOURTEENTH BELL—Pete, feinting with his left, got two rights on the jaw from Joe. Another straight left to the nose and Pete hooked a right on Joe's chin. Two lefts to the face by Joe added to his score. Another left and a right cross gave Lynch more points. Joe tried and missed with his left hook for the jaw. Joe crashed a real right to Pete's jaw, driving him to the ropes, but the next was obstructed by Herman's glove. Herman followed Joe around the ring evidently trying for a left hook. Pete landed four times at infighting, but on points the round belonged to Lynch.

Crowd Noisy at the Finish.

FIFTEENTH BELL—Lynch got something out of a white bottle just before this round and Pete was fed on oranges. The crowd was particularly noisy at this point. Joe landed two lefts to the face and so did Pete. They danced around very carefully, each waiting for a vital opening. Pete made three bluffs to hook, but right and then Joe jabbed a left to his nose. Joe repeated a second later. At close quarters Joe pounded Herman's ear and then the ring side of the ring. Joe's rights were almost split apart at this stage. The round seemed long in two mix-ups which followed. Joe had the better of it, but the quench was not clearly in his favor. He sounded as Herman was punching Joe's body in bad fashion. This was Lynch's round by a shade.

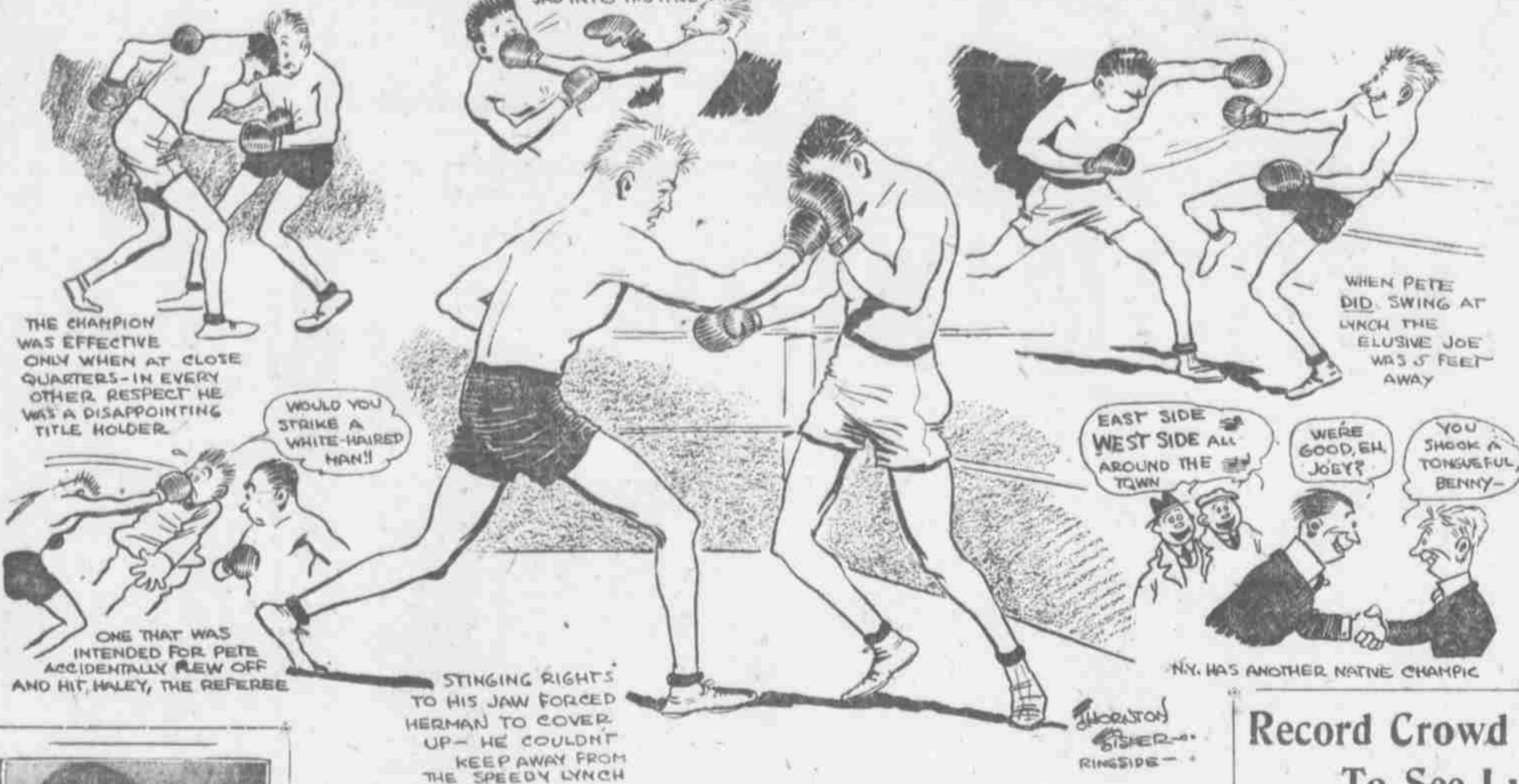
Since the Walker boxing gym was into effect there have been twelve fight nights as far as crowds were considered. As in a usual on such occasions, every known calling. There were millinaires bankers, lawyers, staid doctors who gave their patients a night off and representatives of nearly every industry in the book. Here and there a woman arrayed as if for a horse show broke into what was the somber appearance of a great crowd of men. Not so long ago a woman at a boxing match was an object singled out for collective staring. She might be thin or she might be fat, but she was never less than adorned out of place. Last night all this was different. A woman next to you and cheered the various lefts and right hooks that were landed. She had her favorite as well as you had yours and seemed you forget she was a woman at all but seemed like a regular fellow on the other side of the ring. Don't think for a moment that the woman was there on her own hook or that she came alone. Not at all. She was championed in all cases by her husband, brother or sweetheart, just as she might have been at any of the Broadway shows.

Rain fell rather heavily outside on those at the ringside. But rain, snow or hail could not have any effect on the thousands of enthusiasts who jammed the historic old Garden from the uppermost galleries to the floor. A stream of automobiles unloaded passengers at the main entrance up to 10 o'clock, and at that time it seemed endless. Despite it all the magical Tex Rickard had the situation in the palm of his hands at all times. There was no confusion or commotion at the front door. When you reached the ticket takers you could easily imagine yourself

## HOW LYCH WON BANTAM TITLE

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

JUST WHEN HERMAN HAD DECIDED WHAT TO DO NEXT JOE WOULD STICK A JAB INTO HIS FACE



STINGING RIGHTS TO HIS JAW FORCED HERMAN TO COVER UP—HE COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM THE SPEEDY LYNCH



JOE LYNCH  
BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

ers in the gallery called his attention to it. Joe started crouching low and got a heavy clip on the right ear for it. Both began to cover up tightly in the clinches and hit on the break-aways. Lynch was trying to trip Pete into an opening, but Herman wouldn't be misled. For a while minute they seemed almost harmless, feinting each other at wide open range. Joe worked his ducking down and coming up under Pete's right to clip him on the chin as he straightened. Pete retaliated with his body attack, which is some attack. Another toss-up.

EIGHTH BELL—They took turns at forcing each other back for the first half of this round. Lynch would duck low and so would Herman. Both were becoming cagey. The slow pace evidently had arrived. Joe hit Pete in the ribs and on the ear with his right coming from a clinch, and was told by Referee Haley he must break clean. Three times Joe landed a long left to Herman's face with little force in the punches and appeared to have robbed Herman's body attack by bending his elbows over his ribs. On points strictly Lynch might be given this round, but neither was damaged to any extent.

Lynch Comes Out Smiling.

NINTH BELL—Lynch was smiling as he came out for this round and after a bit of feinting landed a pretty one, two right and left to Pete's jaw. Again he put a straight hard left to Lynch's mouth and Herman began rubbing his eyes as if bothered by cold waves. Again Lynch put a straight left to Herman's nose and Pete was again Herman again. Pete was contenting himself with short little cuts to the face and body very much slower and fewer. Lynch was doing all the forcing in this round and two more lefts that he put to Pete's face had an unusual amount of force to them. Just before the bell Joe landed a right and neither of which could be called clean, and Herman appeared suddenly wobbly. The gung was good news to him; still he was far from being in bad shape. Lynch's round.

TENTH BELL—The crowd yelled "Go!" as Lynch missed a deliberate jab in the chin. Herman was beginning to feel a little better, evidently the last round didn't do for him. He hooked a left to Joe's ribs and brought it outside and up on his chin. Both spectators looked hard to see if Joe would begin to trickle from Joe's nose. Once again Pete was the aggressor. He landed the cleanest punch he had in the round of Joe's attempts. Joe looked weak at this stage, still he put his back to the ropes and started to exchange punches with Pete. Pete hooked a left right to Joe's chin while Joe sunk his into the body. Pete missed a short choppy right which might have put Joe down had he landed. Herman's great brace in this round and it was his by a big margin.

ELEVENTH BELL—Pete kept Joe stepping back at the beginning of this round, and Joe was satisfied to feint every now and then, releasing out with a light left. He let go a half-hearted right, but Herman's glove kept most of it. Joe felt out with his left and this caused Herman to get at close quarters and bang away with both hands. Joe stole some of Herman's stuff the next second by driving a long Willie Lewis right to Pete's stomach. It seemed to carry more force than all of Herman's chin chugs. Four times after this Herman jumped off his feet to reach Joe's jaw with a left hook. Herman ju-

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Twelfth Bell—They boxed around and exchanged light pinches to the face and body until Joe put all he had in a right hook, but unfortunately it went around Herman's neck. Joe began to take the aggressive at this point and, although he fed Pete with a series of lefts to the face, he was unfortunate in missing by a hair line another right to the chin. At this stage we were informed that Lynch had broken the thumb of his left hand during the third round. It didn't seem to affect his left hand, however, but at the end of this round, as he was clouting Herman around the head with not only the left, but the business-like right.

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## Joe Lynch Makes Fourth World's Boxing Champion Of Which New York Boasts

Leonard, Wilson and Britton Other Empire State Lads Who Wear Crowns.

By Richard Freyer.

GEORGE NEW YORK is a bad town for producing champions. Lynch makes four. The other three are Benny Leonard, lightweight; Johnny Wilson, middleweight; and "the old master," Jack Britton, welterweight.

Fight fans from all over the country crowded into the Garden to witness the bantamweight struggle. Dr. J. A. Munster, one of the leading physicians of Pittsburgh, headed a party from his own home town. They were neutral. Among those who traveled from the Smoky City with the doctor were B. T. Dunn, Jack Sullivan, Joe Meade, John Chandra, Bill Shea, P. G. Grenet, Nick Salas, Harry Kurtzman and Dr. Breitweiser.

Guess the old boxing game isn't popular when they come all the way from Halls Wagner's old stamping ground to watch the boys mangle. The entire party kicked in with \$11 bucks for ringside seats.

The evening's entertainment opened with a six-round battle between George Thompson and Willie Spencer, champions. Senator of the United States, Chief of Police of the United States, Secretary of the United States, William and Dustin Farrum, "Lone Wolf," Harry Payne Whitney, "Big" Bill Edwards, "Honest" John Kelly, Chief of Police of the Fire Department and Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City.

"Big" Bill Edwards occupied two seats. The second contest was a scheduled ten-round affair between Ray Moore of St. Paul and Jimmy Martin, who were not clearly leaders. The boys are bantams. Jimmy haled right back to the wrong side of the bridge when Moore eluded him on the wrist after

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about to enter the sportsman's show at midweek, and as you moved forward to the big draperies unfolded themselves and shut out the sight of within from the corridors you gazed at a great gathering in row upon row of seats around the elliptical-shaped interior, which almost rubbed you of your breath. A boxing match? Amazing. But, as you soon learn, nothing else could cause such animation.

You went from usher to usher without the slightest confusion until you reached the section or row of your location. And though you were an hour late you found your chair vacant and awaiting you, as you would expect in no place but a theatre. But what's the use of using in words on this? It was the tenth round of the hottest fought of a preliminary between Johnnie Buff, an experienced bantam from Jersey City, and Midget Smith, the New Yorker who last week stopped his man in twenty-one seconds. In Buff, however, he had a different proposition. Buff took everything he had and fought back with amazing stamina and when the judges agreed on Buff as the winner there was a storm of noisy approval that seemed to threaten the building's foundation. Midget put up a good fight and only experience beat him.

The camera men then lined up in their customary places for snapshots of the principals as they made their way to the ring. A roar seldom heard at a boxing match went up as Lynch took the corner nearest to him, that just vacated by Johnnie Buff. He came in with a bathrobe and a towel over his shoulders, with hands taped for action. There was a little wait for the champion, as there always is.

By Thornton Fisher

## WARRING FACTIONS IN GOLF WORLD BURY HATCHET

United States Golf Association and Western Body to Settle Differences.

As the result of an informal conference between members of the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association and representatives of the Western Golf Association, there is every reason to believe that the difference heretofore existing between the two associations will be adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Regardless of the fact that not one of the subsidiary golfing bodies in the country aligned itself with the radical W. G. A. and that the national association was more firmly entrenched in its position than ever, the Executive Committee of the U. S. G. A. did not care to even contemplate the possibility of a split. It was the opinion of practically every official that the one essential to golf was "uniformity of rules," and with this idea in mind the Western Golf Association was invited to state its case at the informal discussion on Tuesday.

This meeting was attended by Willbur H. Brooks, President of the W. G. A., and three directors of that body, while the United States Golf Association was represented by its Executive Committee.

## Record Crowd Pays \$74,881 To See Lynch-Herman Bout

By John Pollock.

Pete Herman, the former bantamweight champion, who lost his title to Joe Lynch in a fifteen-round bout at Madison Square Garden last night, received \$29,846 for his end. Lynch, for winning the title from Herman, got a guarantee of \$7,500. According to the articles of agreement, Herman was to receive 52 1/2 per cent. of the gross receipts, less the State tax of 5 per cent. Out of his money Herman had to pay Lynch \$7,500. The gross receipts amounted to \$74,881, and the State received \$3,744. Herman's end after the State tax was taken out figured up \$37,346, and, with Lynch's end of \$7,500 deducted, he got \$29,846. A record crowd—exactly 13,953 persons—saw the fight, 13,237 paying for tickets. The tickets sold were as follows:

2,400 at \$2.....	\$4,800	Exchanges.....	210
2,070 at 3.....	6,210	Cash in boxes.....	14
3,223 at 5.....	16,115		
1,615 at 7.....	11,305		
3,320 at 10.....	33,200	Total.....	\$74,881

Dies During Herman-Lynch Bout. During the twelfth round of the Herman-Lynch bout, Herman Halperin of No. 1475 President Street, Brooklyn, collapsed in his seat and was carried out to the large show-room in the lobby of the Garden. He did not regain consciousness and died before an ambulance arrived. Halperin was part owner of the Reclamation Waist Company of this city, and a well known sportsman and attended all the big boxing bouts and sporting events. He is survived by his widow and ten-month-old son.

The dust of London bobbies who are in this country to swap punches with those of the bantamweight struggle, Dr. J. A. Munster, one of the leading physicians of Pittsburgh, headed a party from his own home town. They were neutral. Among those who traveled from the Smoky City with the doctor were B. T. Dunn, Jack Sullivan, Joe Meade, John Chandra, Bill Shea, P. G. Grenet, Nick Salas, Harry Kurtzman and Dr. Breitweiser.

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